MARVEL

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LGY#805

SPENCER • OTTLEY • RATHBURN • MARTIN

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

R.OTTLEY
Laura

PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

The Amazing SPIDER-MAN

BACK TO BASICS Part Four

Remember that radioactive spider we mentioned? At the top of this page? Well, the Isotope Genome Accelerator made it that way. And Peter just got caught in an experiment designed to reverse engineer its capabilities, and was split in two! One mild-mannered civilian, Peter, and one fast-talking super hero, Spider-Man! Initially, both were excited--Peter could have a normal life without endangering his loved ones, and Spider-Man could fight and tame the Tri-Sentinel (for example). But Dr. Connors--the experiment's designer--and Peter have come come to realize the Isotope Genome Accelerator divides personality traits as well as physical attributes. Who is Peter Parker without his wit or love of science? And more importantly, who is Spider-Man without his sense of responsibility?

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WE ALL STRUGGLE.

IT'S JUST THE NATURE OF THE HUMAN CONDITION, I GUESS.

NOTHING EVER COMES EASILY.

INSTEAD, WE FIGHT AND SCRATCH AND CLAW OUR WAY TO WHAT LITTLE HAPPINESS WE CAN FIND IN THIS LIFE.

SOME WOULD SAY THAT'S WHAT GIVES IT VALUE, RIGHT?

MAKES US APPRECIATE WHAT WE HAVE.

BUT THEN AGAIN--

--WE DON'T ALL GET WHAT WE WANT.

AN ASTONISHING SIGHT IN LOWER MANHATTAN TODAY, AS SPIDER-MAN MANAGED TO COMMANDEER A TRI-SENTINEL THAT HAD BEEN ATTACKING THE CITY--

NO!

LIKE *THIS* GUY, YEAH? CLEARLY DISSATISFIED.

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO--

--THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN--NOT NOW!

NOT THIS TIME!

OSBORN WAS FINALLY OUT OF THE PICTURE-- THIS WAS MY MOMENT... MY CHANCE FOR GREATER THINGS...

WHERE IS IT, DAMN YOU?!

AHH... HERE WE ARE, THEN--

--PERHAPS THIS WILL HOLD THE ANSWERS WE SEEK...

TRI-SE... BEGINNERS VIDEO

WELCOME, LIFE FOUNDATION MEMBER! IF YOU'RE WATCHING THIS, IT MEANS THE GLOBAL ECONOMY HAS ALREADY COLLAPSED. LUCKY YOU!

AS AN ENROLLEE IN OUR ILLUMINATI-PLUS REWARDS PROGRAM, YOU'RE NOW FULLY ENTITLED TO THE BEST IN SECURITY TO PROTECT YOUR SURVIVOR HAREMS, FOOD STOCKPILES, AND EMERGENCY SHORTWAVE RADIO SYSTEMS. WE GIVE YOU--

--THE **TRI-SENTINEL!** FIRST CREATED BY THE ASGARDIAN GOD LOKI FOR REASONS NOT ENTIRELY CLEAR, THE TRI-SENTINEL REQUIRED THE POWERS OF CAPTAIN UNIVERSE TO FINALLY BE STOPPED IN ITS INAUGURAL RAMPAGE.

SO THOSE MARAUDING HORDES OR GOVERNMENT FORCES COMING FOR YOUR WEAPONS WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR NEW GENOCIDAL ROBOT FRIEND.

LIKE, WHAT KIND OF FUEL DOES HE USE?

CAN I COMMUNICATE WITH HIM NOW THAT I'M THE ONLY LIVING ORGANISM LEFT ON THE PLANET?

OR IS IT OKAY TO FEED HIM AFTER MIDNIGHT?

ON THIS CUTTING-EDGE CD-ROM TECHNOLOGY, WE'VE INCLUDED THE ANSWERS.

SO LET'S GET--

BLONK

WARNING: FATAL DISC ERROR.

DRIVE D COULD NOT READ DISC. PLEASE INSERT A NEW DISC.

COULD NOT READ DISC?!

USELESS! THESE LIFE FOUNDATION IDIOTS SOLD THE GULLIBLE ON THE NOTION THEY COULD BUY THEIR WAY OUT OF THE APOCALYPSE. THEN ***THEY*** COULDN'T EVEN SURVIVE CHAPTER 7 BANKRUPTCY!

BUT THIS FACILITY THEY LEFT BEHIND WAS SUPPOSED TO HOLD WEAPONRY CAPABLE OF LEVELING CITIES! THE SUBREDDIT SAID IT WAS SO! AND THEY WERE RIGHT.

BUT NOW HE'S ***STOLEN*** IT! THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN STOLE MY TRI-SENTINEL!

NOW HE'LL FACE THE WRATH OF HIS OLDEST, MOST FEARED ARCHENEMY! THE MAN WHO HAS TORMENTED HIM THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE AND TAKEN SO MUCH FROM HIM--

--MENDEL STROMM!

AND SURE, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--

WHO AGAIN?

BUT WHILE HE CERTAINLY HAS AN INFLATED VIEW OF WHERE HE SITS ON THE ALL-TIME BADDIES LIST, WE DO HAVE A LITTLE HISTORY.

HE WAS NORMAN OSBORN'S PARTNER, AND EVEN CREATED THE GOBLIN SERUM!

BUT THEN HE AND OSBORN HAD A FALLING OUT (IMAGINE THAT), WHICH LED TO HIS IMPRISONMENT AND, EVENTUALLY, HIS DEATH.

HE KEEPS COMING BACK, THOUGH, EACH TIME WITH A CODENAME AND COSTUME THAT'S A LITTLE MORE TRY-HARD THAN THE LAST.

WE ALL GOTTA MAKE A LIVING, I GUESS.

OUR NEXT PIECE FOR SALE IS TITLED "SUMMERTIME ON WUNDAGORE MOUNTAIN."

SHALL WE START THE BIDDING AT $25,000?

OR--

--HOW ABOUT WE START AT "THE LOOTER AND HIS BOYS DON'T KILL ALL OF US IF WE GIVE IT TO HIM"? HOW'S THAT SOUND?

GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE--

SOLD!

TO THE GUY IN THE SPIDER-SUIT WHO HAS MAYBE WATCHED *THE IRON GIANT* A FEW TOO MANY TIMES!

NOW, I GET HOW THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A PROBLEM.

I MEAN, SPIDER-MAN SAVING THE DAY, STOPPING SOME BAD GUYS, AND PROTECTING SOME VALUABLE ART?

EXCEPT HE, UM, DIDN'T PROTECT IT--

--HIS STUPID ROBOT SMASHED MOST OF IT!

AND THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS...

THERE WAS THE FIGHT WITH STEGRON THAT WIPED OUT AN ENTIRE WING OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FIGHT WITH HYDRO-MAN THAT KNOCKED OUT THE POWER GRID FROM COLUMBUS CIRCLE TO THE BRONX.

THE LESS SAID ABOUT THE FIGHT WITH CYCLONE THE BETTER, BUT NEEDLESS TO SAY--

--PEOPLE *REALLY LIKED* THAT DOG PARK.

AND ME? PETER PARKER? I'M JUST SITTING HERE WATCHING IT ALL, FEELING, WELL--

--POWERLESS.

WHY SO GLUM, PETER?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

AND HERE'S THE THING--THESE DAYS--

--THAT'S EXACTLY HOW I FEEL.

LATELY I CAN'T REALLY STOP TRYING TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING AROUND ME. IT'S LIKE I SEE SOMETHING WRONG--

--AND I HAVE TO *DO* SOMETHING.

EXPIRED

EVEN IF I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING.

THIS INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO CHANGE A FLAT TIRE--

HEY, WELL-KNOWN SPIDER-FACT-- I ONLY RECENTLY LEARNED HOW TO DRIVE, AND IT WAS AN A.I.-CONTROLLED CAR THAT NEVER GOT A FLAT TIRE.

OH, AND HEY, *LITTLE-KNOWN* FACT--

IT'S *ILLEGAL* TO PAY OTHER PEOPLE'S PARKING METERS IN MOST CITIES!

CRAZY, RIGHT? MEANWHILE--

--MY SPIDER-HALF SEEMS TO BE HAVING THE TIME OF HIS (OUR) LIFE!

SITTING COURTSIDE AT BASKETBALL GAMES...

NEW

...HOBNOBBING WITH CELEBRITIES...

WELL, LADIES, I GUESS THESE DAYS I'M JUST FEELING A LOT MORE FREE--

...EVEN CASHING IN WITH BIG ENDORSEMENT DEALS!

HEY, SPIDER-FANS! WHEN I FIGHT CRIME, I BUILD UP ONE SERIOUS APPETITE--THAT'S WHEN I SNAP INTO A--

THE WHOLE THING HAS ME FEELING NERVOUS, ANGRY, AND, IF I'M HONEST, MAYBE A LITTLE--

enLighten LASER

BM

CES LETTER

ESOTERIC

--JEALOUS?

I'M SORRY, AUNT MAY, JUST-- A LOT ON MY MIND, I GUESS.

I'D IMAGINE. IS THIS ABOUT DOCTOR CONNORS OFFERING YOU THE CHANCE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL? BECAUSE I THINK YOU SHOULD DO IT.

TO BE HONEST, I'D BEEN SO BUSY WITH OTHER THINGS, I-- I REALLY HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

OH, RIGHT. THE *OTHER* THINGS--THAT REMINDS ME--

THIS IS FOR YOU.
BUT--MY BIRTHDAY ISN'T FOR MONTHS--
REALLY? OOF, I MUST BE GETTING OLD. STILL--
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
--YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND CASH THE CHECK INSIDE. YOU DO HAVE RENT COMING UP, DON'T YOU? AND YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT IS STILL IMAGINARY?
AUNT MAY, I CAN'T TAKE THIS--AND YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT--
CU
PETER,
ACTUALLY, I CAN--I'VE TAKEN UP ONLINE POKER. TURNS OUT I'M VERY GOOD AT IT. AND REALLY, THIS IS MORE THAN A WORTHWHILE INVESTMENT.
NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT...
NONSENSE. PETER, I KNOW I WAS VERY HARD ON YOU THE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE. BUT IF I SEEMED DISAPPOINTED IN YOU--
--IT'S BECAUSE I EXPECT *SO MUCH* FROM YOU. YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD SO MUCH *POTENTIAL*. BUT EVERY TIME YOU START TO LIVE UP TO IT--
I MAKE A MASSIVE DISASTER OUT OF IT.
SOMETIMES. MORE TIMES, THOUGH, YOU STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING TO HELP OTHERS, WHETHER IT'S A PERFECT STRANGER, ME--
--OR SOMEONE ELSE YOU LOVE.
THE POINT BEING, MY NEPHEW HAS BEEN PUTTING EVERYONE ELSE IN FRONT OF HIMSELF SINCE HE WAS A BOY.
MAYBE IT'S TIME HE LOOKED OUT FOR HIMSELF FOR A CHANGE.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

OF COURSE I CAN'T CASH THAT CHECK.

AUNT MAY ISN'T *WRONG*, THOUGH. MY FUNDS ARE GETTING PRETTY LOW--NEED TO FIND SOME GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT SOON.

BUT FOR NOW, I JUST NEED A--

RIDE?! ARE YOU *KIDDING ME?!* THAT'S IT--

UPER HERO

--HE'S GONE *TOO FAR!*

DON'T WORRY, SIR-- WE'LL GET YOU TO THAT MEETING ON TIME, OR MY NAME'S NOT SPIDER-MAN!

OBVIOUSLY MY NAME'S NOT ACTUALLY SPIDER-MAN, BUT-- HEY, WAITASEC, MAYBE NOW IT IS!

DON'T FORGET TO RATE ME FIVE STARS. AND NOW YOU CAN LEAVE A TIP!

OUR *UPER* OVERLORDS ARE NOTHING IF NOT GENEROUS.

ONE NEW RIDE HAS BEEN ADDED TO YOUR QUE--

HEY, SPIDEY--

--MIND GIVING AN OLD FRIEND A LIFT?

MAYBE WE COULD TALK ON THE WAY.

UH, ACTUALLY-- YOU COULD NEVER AFFORD IT! SURGE PRICING!

WAIT--

THWIP

ARGH! HE WON'T STOP AVOIDING ME! WELL, THAT'S FINE.

I MAY NOT HAVE SPIDER-SENSE OR THE ABILITY TO CRAWL UP WALLS--

--BUT I STILL KNOW HOW TO USE A *WEB-SHOOTER!*

GOT 'IM! NOW, JUST KICK BACK--

--AND ENJOY THE RIDE.

UGH, DUDE-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

NOTHING I'M NOT USED TO. BUT THEN AGAIN--

--IT'S A LITTLE MORE TERRIFYING WHEN YOU'RE NOT ALL SUPER HERO-ED UP.

I TOLD YOU--I NEED TO TALK TO YOU. THERE'S A PROBLEM--

WOW, YOU HAVE A PROBLEM IN YOUR LIFE? I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED THAT.

WE HAVE A PROBLEM!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, PAL, THINGS ARE LOOKING PRETTY SWEET FOR ME. THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME FOR THE NEXT SEASON OF *THE BACHELOR.*

WHICH YOU'D KNOW IF YOU COULD AFFORD CABLE.

THE CITY HAS NEVER BEEN SAFER! DID YOU SEE MY AWESOME *SPIDER-BOT?* HERE, LET ME CALL THE SPIDER-BOT, I GOT HIM PARKED NEXT TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY RIGHT NOW.

NO! DO NOT CALL HIM! LEAVE IT RIGHT THERE!

YOU ***IDIOT,*** YOU'RE NOT PROTECTING THE CITY, YOU'RE TRASHING IT. YOU'VE ALREADY LEVELED, LIKE, SIX BLOCKS WITH THAT THING--

WHO CARES? THAT'S WHAT ***DAMAGE CONTROL*** IS FOR! THINK ABOUT IT--IF I DON'T WRECK STUFF WHILE I'M FIGHTING CRIME, THEY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO CLEAN UP. WHICH MEANS THEY'D LOSE THEIR JOBS.

IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY WANT, PETER? FOR ***OTHER*** PEOPLE TO LOSE THEIR JOBS FOR A CHANGE? MAN, NOT HAVING SPIDER-POWERS HAS MADE YOU PRETTY VINDICTIVE.

THAT'S NOT--

LISTEN TO ME-- THAT EXPERIMENT SPLIT US RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE. WHICH MEANS YOU APPARENTLY DON'T HAVE ANY SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

AND IT MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SENSE OF ***HUMOR.*** YOU GOTTA LIGHTEN UP, MAN. I'M JUST HAVING FUN HERE! REMEMBER FUN? BEING AN AWESOME HERO GOING ON CRAZY ADVENTURES?

NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T. LOOK AT YOU. I COULDN'T REALLY SEE IT WHEN WE WERE THE SAME GUY, BUT--YOU'RE A MESS, PETE.

YOU'RE A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST (OR DID I GET THAT PART?)--YOU SHOULD BE A BAZILLIONAIRE. YOU HAVE ALL THESE HIGH-POWERED SUPER-FRIENDS WHO COULD HOOK YOU UP.

BUT THAT'S NEVER HOW IT GOES, IS IT? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU GOTTEN FIRED? DUMPED? PUBLICLY HUMILIATED AND SHAMED?

OKAY, THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THE VOICE IN YOUR HEAD USED TO SAY. BECAUSE THIS BASICALLY ***IS*** THE VOICE IN YOUR HEAD. SO JUST REMEMBER WHAT AUNT MAY TOLD YOU...

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE--WE DON'T DO THIS STUFF FOR MONEY, OR FAME.

WE DO IT TO HELP PEOPLE-- YOU KEEP SAYING YOU'RE HAVING FUN--BUT WHAT ABOUT WHEN TRYING TO BE A HERO STOPS BEING FUN?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HAVE TO SUFFER SOMETHING BAD BECAUSE YOU NEED TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT?

THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

"NOT MY"-- YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WE SOUNDED LIKE THAT?

IT WAS THE NIGHT UNCLE BEN DIED.

SORRY...

WHO?

OH MY GOD...DOES HE--DOES HE REALLY NOT REMEMBER *UNCLE BEN?* IS THAT SOME KIND OF SIDE EFFECT?

SOMEBODY WITH THAT KIND OF POWER, LOSING A MEMORY THAT VITAL--I'VE GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE HE--

DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME THIS TIME!

--STOPS ME.

THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING WORSE. AND NOW I'M STUCK HERE FOR--

--AN HOUR. YEESH. I GUESS I NEVER REALIZED HOW ANNOYING THIS IS. WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO FOR AN HOUR? RESEARCH? CATCH UP ON SOME PODCASTS?

TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT NEEDING TO *PEE.*

WHEN THE WEBBING FINALLY DOES DISSOLVE, I HEAD OVER TO EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY TO SEE IF I CAN GET SOME ADVICE FROM DOC CONNORS WITHOUT EXPLAINING TOO MUCH. BUT MY TIMING'S PRETTY BAD--

--FEELS LIKE I WALKED INTO A FUNERAL.

WHAT'S GOING ON, DOC?

AW, THAT'S A SHAME...

SAD DAY HERE, PETER. HORATIO I AND II BOTH PASSED AWAY THIS MORNING. THE CLASS IS REALLY BROKEN UP ABOUT IT.

YES, IT IS. AND NOT JUST FOR THE *MICE*. UNFORTUNATELY THIS PUTS AN END TO ALL OUR HARD WORK HERE--ANOTHER DEAD END...

WAIT, YOU MEAN--

THAT'S RIGHT--

--OUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT TURNED OUT TO HAVE SOME DECIDEDLY FATAL AFTEREFFECTS.

WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED?

SIGH HARD TO SAY--

--BUT IT SEEMS THE LONGER THE TWO DOPPELGANGERS WERE ISOLATED, THE WORSE THEIR "SEPARATION SYMPTOMS" BECAME.

IT STARTED OUT BENIGN ENOUGH-- LOSS OF LEARNED SKILLS, BEHAVIORAL ISSUES--THEN SEEMED TO PROGRESS TO MORE SERIOUS MEMORY LOSS--

WHO?

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE.

THINGS ESCALATED RAPIDLY FROM THERE. ESSENTIAL MOTOR FUNCTIONS, SPATIAL AWARENESS, COGNITIVE ABILITY ALL DECLINED UNTIL, WELL...

THEY JUST GAVE OUT ON US. IT'S LIKE THEY ***NEEDED*** THEIR OTHER HALF, AND ***WITHOUT*** THEM--

THEY'RE ***NOTHING.***

EXACTLY. AH, WELL, BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD. THANK HEAVENS WE NEVER GOT TO THE HUMAN TRIALS...

YEAH. THANK HEAVENS.

THERE WE ARE, THAT SHOULD DO IT.

ONCE THIS DRONE IS OPERATIONAL, I CAN USE IT TO TAKE BACK WHAT'S MINE! JUST A FEW MORE ADJUSTMENTS AND--

WARNING. WARNING. CRITICAL FAILURE--

DAMMIT!

IT'S USELESS... I THOUGHT WITH OSBORN OUT OF THE PICTURE, MY MOMENT HAD ARRIVED--

--BUT NOTHING'S CHANGED!

WHEN WILL IT BE MENDEL STROMM'S TIME IF NOT NOW?! IT WASN'T IN HIGH SCHOOL WHEN THE EARLY GOBLIN FORMULAS EXACERBATED MY SCOLIOSIS!

OR WHEN I FAILED MISERABLY AT ONLINE DATING BECAUSE "CYBERNETIC EYES ARE CREEPY." AND YOU SHAKE YOUR FIST AND YOU SAY TO YOURSELF, ONE DAY-- ONE DAY I'LL SHOW THEM ALL...

BUT I CAN'T SHOW ANYONE ANYTHING! I CAN'T EVEN MAD *SCIENTIST* RIGHT!

I CALL MYSELF THE ROBOT MASTER--BUT I'M NOT EVEN THAT GOOD AT ROBOTICS! I'M A CHEMIST! I INVENTED THE GOBLIN SERUM--WHY THE HELL AM I NOT THE *GOBLIN MASTER?!*

SOB IT'S ALL JUST SO POINTLESS...I'M DESTINED TO BE A FOOTNOTE--THE GUY WHO GOT RIPPED OFF BY NORMAN OSBORN-- *TWICE--*

NOW, NOW, MENDEL--

--YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF.

WHO?! WHO'S THERE?

JUST A FRIEND. AND SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHADOW...

WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS? SHOW YOURSELF!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE AT THE MOMENT. BUT DON'T WORRY--I COME BEARING GIFTS.

GIFTS?

THAT'S RIGHT. THINK OF ME AS *SANTA CLAUS*. EXCEPT INSTEAD OF FOR SWEET LITTLE CHILDREN, FOR HOMICIDAL MANIACS DESPERATE TO KILL SPIDER-MAN. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE.

YOU--YOU WANT TO HELP ME KILL SPIDER-MAN...

I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR HEART'S DESIRE. I WANT YOU TO TEACH EVERYONE A LESSON, LIKE YOU USED TO TEACH NORMAN OSBORN WHEN HE WAS YOUR STUDENT.

OSBORN...

MAKE A DEAL WITH ME, AND I CAN GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED.

HOW?

WELL, IT'S SIMPLE, YOU SEE. I KNOW HOW VERY UPSET YOU ARE ABOUT LOSING YOUR TRI-SENTINEL. VERY FRUSTRATING.

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T LET IT GET YOU SO DOWN, MENDEL. AFTER ALL--

--THERE'S ALWAYS MORE WHERE *THAT* CAME FROM.

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Issue #5

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!

ZONE